

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

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THE
PRINCE OF BRITTANY,

A new Historical Novel.

He yields a moment to the violence of such complicated woes. That sleep which springs from the excess of suffering, and which may be regarded as the bounty of nature, that tender mother ever intent to aid us; this overpowering sleep closed the eye-lids of the prisoner. He hears himself called by an affecting voice: he hastens, he springs to the window: Is it true?—By what miracle?—It is you, dear Alicia, it is you! In what a dress!—A faint light of the moon permitted him to distinguish objects. The Princess for it was indeed no illusive vision the Princess could not forbear from uttering a piercing cry, when she beheld her husband in this deplorable situation. She sunk, clinging to the bars, which she bedewed with her tears: 'Dear Prince—dear husband—is it thus a barbarous brother treats you? Oh, I will hasten to demand death.'—'Alas,' said the Prince, retaining her hand, 'every effort is in vain. I have already done too much. Our

humiliation has been too abject. My death is inevitable. But I have seen you, dearest, best of women. It was the last favour I implored of God, my sole protector; he has granted it: I now die content.'

The good woman had found means to conquer every obstruction. She approached the Princess as they were conducting her to church; and, under pretence of begging charity, she had found means to communicate her husband's wishes. Alicia, by means of a sheet cut into a proper disguise, had contrived to leave her apartment in the night; and, having put on the dress of the poor woman, to whom she had left her own clothes, and been instructed in what manner she should cross the ditch; she had gained under this concealment, the dreadful habitation of her lord! 'No, dearest Prince,' said she, impressing her kisses and tears on one of his hands, 'you shall not die: I shall live again with you. I will go and embrace the knees of the cruel author of our woes: I will either soften his obdurate heart, or he shall plunge the dagger in my bosom. It is my husband—my hus-

band who suffers all these torments who eats the bread of poverty !— Oh, Heaven ? Heaven ! canst thou permit injustice to enjoy such a triumph ?

A sudden noise is heard: torches are perceived ; and a number of guards are distinguished. In an instant, these savages rush thro the ditch, and seize the Princess, who shrieking clings to the bars, determined not to be torn from her husband : ‘ Oh, merciless tigers, let us die at least together. Will you refuse us even this consolation ? ’— ‘ Barbarians exclaims the Prince, ‘ come hither ; Plunge your weapons in my bosom ; let not an innocent wife be the object of your rage. On me, on me only wreak your vengeance ! ’

The guards are deaf to both. The poor woman, in a dress so unsuitable to her condition, had been apprehended : but neither menaces, nor even more violent treatment, had been able to extort her secret. A child, who was accidentally near the spot, where Alicia had exchanged her dress, had discovered all. The good woman was thrown into a dungeon ; and the almost expiring Princess was conveyed back to her apartment, where she was treated with the utmost severity of confinement.

The Duke had just taken Avanches from the English : he was on the point of setting out to sleep at Mount St. Michael, when he was informed that a Friar desired

to speak to him in private. Already did his soul experience the torments inseparable from guilt. In vain he removed from place to place, the idea of his brother incessantly pursued him, entered into his heart, and excited that anguish, that terror of himself, which nothing could dissipate. He heard, or fancied that he heard, the most lamentable cries : it was, if one may so express it, an insurrection of all his senses ; and every object, as it were, assumed a voice, to reproach him for his inhumanity. Nature, then, cannot be offended with impunity. How sweet the reverse which virtue knows : under the most calamitous trials, she preserves her wonted serenity and, in the favourable testimony of conscience, finds a consolation for every woe !

When the Courtiers had retired, the Friar was introduced to the Duke, who thus addressed him : ‘ My good father, what is your business with me ? ’— ‘ To prevent, my Lord, the height of injustice and barbarity ; to urge the rights of nature and religion. I am charged with an displeasing commission but my duty commands me to execute it without reserve. The Prince your brother whose dissolution is fast approaching, summons you to that inevitable, that irrevocable judgment, to which all mankind must submit—the judgment of God : he cites you to his tribunal in the space of forty days.’— ‘ You dare’— ‘ Every thing, my

Lord, that may turn you from the brink of this dreadful precipice, that may open your eyes, and restore you to yourself. Picture to yourself the Prince bending under the weight of his chains ; buried as it were in a ditch full of water ; and condemned, by the barbarous instruments of your vengeance, to expire of hunger : he is now languishing under all its horrors. The charity of a poor woman only has hitherto prolonged his miserable existence. She has secretly given him the slender pittance she has been able to procure by begging—a morsel of bread, scarce sufficient for her own sustenance, which she has parted with for your brother, who is this moment moistening this little nourishment with his tears—who is extending to you his two arms wasted away by hunger. Oh ! my Lord, it is your brother that is reduced to this extremity, and—he yet endeavours to justify you ; he is persuaded that you have been deceived ; that his enemies have employed your sacred name, to make him endure torments, that would not be inflicted on the most abandoned of mankind. Alas ! what crime has merited such unparalleled sufferings ? Yes, notwithstanding these sufferings, of which you are the author, he cannot hate you—you are still dear to him—his dying voice invokes you still. Oh, my Lord, my Lord, open your bosom again to this unfortunate brother : recall if possible, his last sigh. Has he offended you ? Mercy, my

Lord is the most shining attribute of the Deity. And are not Sovereigns his august image on earth ? In clemency, in beneficence only they are superior to other men. If you permit this last crime, to be perpetrated—tremble. I am bound to forwarn you, that your bosom will be distracted by everlasting remorse ; a terrifying spectre will ever haunt you : his plaintive accents will incessantly strike your ears. Nor rest, nor consolation, will ever more be yours. You will perceive the emptiness of all your grandeur. The magnificence and pleasures of sovereignty can never restore serenity of soul. You will endeavour to fly from yourself ; but in every scene you will find yourself again—the most wretched—the most guilty of mankind. Yet a little while, and you may be rescued from this abyss of misery. Submit to truth, to pity to religion ; which all conjure you by my voice, by my tears, to put a period to the punishment of an unfortunate man—My Lord sooner or later you must appear before God ; and how can you stand in this tremendous presence all covered with the tears the blood of a brother ?—‘ Oh ! ’ cried the Duke, bursting into tears, & sinking into the Friar’s arms, ‘ My father, my father, whatever you desire—give my orders—my brother—I am impatient to see him, to embrace him again—it is I who now implore my pardon from him—I will entreat you to obtain it for me.’—He calls his attendants :

'Come hither instantly: let du-Meel set the Prince at liberty. Make haste—make haste—let me fold him in my arms! and you, venerable man, so worthy of your sacred function, you recall me to religion, to humanity, to Nature: you remove from my heart a burden that overwhelmed it. Ah! how much it costs to be inhuman! But how great the satisfaction in yielding to the suggestions of pity. How sweet is it to pardon, to love, to listen to nature, whose soft suggestions we endeavour to stifle. A voice incessantly whispered within me to spare my brother. My father you must never leave me. Subjects who speak the truth, these are the faithful servants in whom a sovereign should confide. For ever far from me be those infamous Courtiers. My father, they have dug the abyss in which you see me plunged: they have rendered me odious to Brittany, to myself. Oh, my brother, my dear brother, I will repair all the injuries I have made the suffer. I will dry up the tears by unceasing proofs of tenderness. I shall enjoy a restoration of happiness that——

The Constable whom the Duke imagined to be at the head of the French army, hastily enters the apartment, trembling with rage: 'Wretch,' he cried, 'thou hast now arrived at the consummation of thy crimes!'—'My uncle, they will not be committed. I have sent this instant to release my

brother.'—'Release him! He is assassinated'——My brother assassinated!——'Go run see his dungeon overflowing with his blood: and 'tis by thy order'——'Oh, Heavens! what do I hear?'——what tho barbarity might have foreseen, what thou hast doubtless commanded, what will draw down upon thy head the dreadful vengeance of Heaven. Yes, du-meel perceiving that neither hunger nor poison could destroy my nephew, has caused him to be assassinated by wretches, worthy of executing thy abominable pleasure. Yes, all is over! Thy brother is no more! The King had permitted me to fly to his succour: and I am come to behold his corpse, to weep over his sad remains! Prince unworthy of thy rank and family, I renounce thee for ever. I will instantly repair to the King, who is now sensible how much he has been deceived: and I shall demand justice on thee and thy vile accomplices.'

The Constable, without waiting for a reply hastily retired. The cordelier was going to follow him: 'My father,' cried the Duke, already struck with the most dreadful terror, 'stop: remain with me support me under this excess of misery. The prediction is fulfilled: I hear—I see him—the dreadful spectre—he pursues me where shall I hide myself? Great God, is there now no hope for me? Canst thou pardon a wretch sullied by his brother's blood polluted with

every crime? Oh my father, what sufferings! Hell! hell is in my bosom!

In fact Remorse and superstition united their dreadful force; and persecuted the Duke with unceasing terrors. Murmurs were heard in every part of Brittany: they augmented every day; the soldiery felt a degree of horror in marching under the banners of such a leader. The faults of the unhappy Prince were all forgotten: his youth his virtues, his misfortunes were the melancholy theme of every tongue. The detestable favourites of the Duke did not escape the vengeance of heaven; most of them came to a violent death.* Alicia was inconsolable, her grief—no expressions can describe it. Francis, perceiving his end approaching, sent for his brother Peter of Brittany, and declared to him his will, in presence of the principal Lords and officers of his household. He expired soon after in the arms of the Cordelier who had never quitted him.

* Arthur de Montauban, prosecuted by the constable, quitted Brittany, took the habit of the Celestins at marcousy, was afterwards Archbishop of bourdeaux, and died of grief. Hingant was imprisoned many years. Oliver du Meel, John Rayart, Male Tousche, La Chèse, and Robert Roussel, were beheaded, and their quartered bodies exposed upon the highways.

He often pronounced before he died the name of his brother, whose pale and bloody apparition he constantly imagined in his presence. Sometimes he conjured him to grant his pardon; and often he would cast the odium of his guilt on the wicked Courtiers that had misled him. By a codicil to his will, he ordered a foundation to be established for the repose of the soul of Giles of Brittany, at the Abbey of Boquein, where that Prince was interred. But ah! of what avail was this slender reparation, the deplorable resource of guilt, and terror, and superstition?

We may add, that however guilty Francis might be his Courtiers were still more so. These are the great criminals whom Humanity can never pardon, and whom posterity must hold in everlasting detestation.—Men of letters have been sometimes asked, 'What moral can result from the relation of such or such an event?'—Were this question to be now proposed, I would answer: 'Can any moral be more striking, awful, and irresistible, than that which this history exhibits?' L.

(Concluded.)

For the Lady's Miscellany.

AN ODDITY.

Described in a Letter from a young gentleman in town to his friend in the country.

DEAR JACK,

I Have started as many adventures since my arrival in New-York as might furnish subjects for a dozen novels, & plots.

for as many Comedies; but of all others, I pride myself most on the acquisition of an intimacy with Mr. Ranger, whom your cousin introduced me to last week. He is a diamond of the first water—the most rattling, talkative, sensible, humorous, fellow in the world—and really possessed of an excellent heart & polished understanding although his volubility appears a little strange to one on first acquaintance. We waited on him on Thursday evening and were shewn into his library, he being engaged for a moment, as his servant said. We had not sat here long before he made his entrance and received me with a torrent of compliments and sarcasms, which being prepared for, excited no surprise.

‘Sir, (cries he) I am proud to see you; my friend does me infinite honor in introducing me to your acquaintance. You are lately arrived in New-York—never in it before, I suppose!—No, no—egad! one may know that by your looks: you have not yet the true Theatre completion, nor the coffee house eye; a little modest assurance, however, will become your features vastly, and that you must not want.—Pray be seated, gentlemen—John, bring us a bottle of wine & glasses.—A pleasant evening, gentlemen.

‘The day has been peculiarly delightful.’

‘Why, truly, I can’t say much for the day, for, among friends, I have not been up above three hours—my old fault character-hunting—have had a headach all day—thought to unkennel a ‘queer’ last night at the Hotel, but before the fifth bottle I was obliged to leave him master of the field—A monstrous drinking fellow—One might as well have thought of filling a leaky tub, or intoxicating the monument in front of St. Pauls Church.—But here is my wine—your hand, sir—here is to our better acquaintance—Hah! that’s good—do taste

my wine, the vintage sixty eight, I assure you. And so, you have not been in New York, Mr.—Mr.—I protest I forget your name, Mr.—O! Mr. Melville—I shall be proud to serve you. But you must positively sup with me to-night there will be no body with us, if you think my company bearable; if not, I’ll ask half a dozen more.’

‘By no means Mr. Ranger, you and I must have a little time to know each other.’

‘True, true—let me see—half past seven—What think you of my library? Small, perhaps you’ll say.

‘We have been admiring it, & I think we did not omit saying, that smallness was an Item in the list of the good qualities of a library.’

‘Right faith, very right, I’ll tell you what—I have made a point of buying none but good books—Don’t mistake me I do not mean religious books, exclusive of others, but the best treatises in every science. Mark me, I don’t mean the most approved ones—but those in which the authors have manifested a zeal for the interest of their subject—and now I suppose you know why my library is so small. Yet few as my books are, I have scarcely time to read the whole; and when that is the case, I should injure myself not a little by taking up a bad book.’

‘Indeed you would; I commend your judgment and taste.

Taste! pooh—I know it not—I do not know what it is. They say the world once had a good taste, and that they laid down excellent rules for the cultivation of it; but now I could as easily find out the longitude, as give a probable conjecture as to what they are pleased to call taste, every body has taste now: and

it is, perhaps, no great breach of charity to suppose, that some may know nothing about the matter.

Nay you are too severe. Philosophers have agreed.—

Philosophers ! hush ! not a word—the very name may do you a mischief here : and when afterwards *I* shall have shewn you some modern philosophers, you will bless your stars you never was one—And as for taste one man drinks nothing but claret corked in champagne bottles—and he is a man of taste ; another has his coat pockets on the outside, the skirts down to his heels. his cane no longer than a candle, and his buckles covering the whole foot—he is a man of taste. It was but the other day Plush, the taylor, brought me home a pair of satten breeches so intolerably wide that *I* looked in them like a person just escaped from a fever, and dying by a consumption. ‘Pon my word, said *I*, Plush thes will never do.—’ ‘O ! by all means, replied the son of Buckram ! lieut. Brag got just such another pair trimmed with gold.—’ Zooks ! cried *I* in a passion, what is lieut. Brag to me or *I* to lieut. Brag, that *I* should wear his breeches ? ‘Yes but the lieut. is a man of taste,’ resumed the fellow of shreds and patches. ‘No words Plush, no words : make them to fit before *I* see your face again ; they shall do it before you have your bill.’ Then come to the belles letters ! What kind does the *Town* possess now ? Poems without measures, genius, or even the merit of invention ; nay, their dullness were a venial sin, if in stealing from others they could shew any art, and perform the theft gracefully ; or, if their thoughts were not locked up in miserable rhimes, like a huge bolt on a cellar filled with empty hogsheads.

‘Rhime binds and beautifies the poet’s lays,

As New-York ladies owe their shape to stays.

Your Plays are destitute of wit, humour, or improvement, & nothing could save them but the exertions of favourite performers. Then as to philosophy—the philosophy of the human soul, for instance :—but it is needless to enter into that subject : since some ingenious, great and wise men have proved that we have no souls at all, it is not worth while to think of them. It is very odd, though, that this discovery should have been reserved for this century. But we will go on, as to Music : this has suffered not a little from ‘good taste’ The ti-tum ti-ti-Scotch English songs are equalled in superlative dullness by nothing but the very beautiful expressions affixed to them : such as, ‘My love has gang’d far away,’ and ‘Jockey to the Fair—’ Not a true—song to be heard now-a-days ; nothing but these ‘versus inopes rerum. nugæque canoræ,’ as my friend Horace calls them. Where are the beautiful ballads of Gray, Prior, and farther back, Waller, Gowley and Roscommon ? Ask a young lady for a delicate love-song, and although, according to the true Italian ‘delicatezza,’ she would swoon at the mention of—, yet she will sing you ‘How imperfect is expression, with great pleasure. Then how charming it is to hear a young man on the stage quavering ‘In the gentle Laura’s stead, take me fair-one, to thy bed :—To thy bed *I*’ll softly creep, while thy father’s fast asleep.’ There is impudence for you ! And then the music is so well adapted to the sense, or rather to the nonsense, that this ‘creeping’ is repeated three or four times, which must give the audience a very perfect idea of what the young dog would be at. In a word we have no national music now. Never the time was when English music could be known from any other, that time has long since elapsed. All performances now, whether vocal or instrumental, if they have any merit at all, derive that from an imitation of the Italian. Mark

me—I do not say we have no American performers, but when they attempt composition, it is entirely in the taste of *Irish*:—nor is this to be wondered at—the town swarms with *Irish performers*.—Mark me—I do not mean to reprobate the encouragement given to such—far from it—I wish it was greater, that we might be able to avoid the sing song of our present Operas.—

‘But Mr. Ranger, I am afraid you are an enemy to music; and if any one wants that particular disposition that makes it agreeable to be sure he is ready to be prejudiced against it. I am an enthusiast in musical matters—a very cockcomb in crotchets—and I heartily subscribe to Congreve’s beautiful lines—‘Music has charms to sooth a savage breast.’

‘And therefore proper at a Sheriff’s feast,’ I grant you so it is; but you are mistaken, in supposing that I am no ‘amateur’ of the art—by no means—; I blame only the artist, and that vitiated taste which one day or other will not leave us so much as the dregs of good music—But come gentlemen, fill your glasses!—You think me an odd fellow, Mr. Melville; nay, I know you do. ‘Faith, I am an odd fellow; my life has been a continued series of whims and fancies of my own brain; to indulge which I spend a tolerable estate. When a boy, my parents gave me an excellent education; and in return, both at school & university, I gave them great satisfaction. Hence they put an estate and independence into my hands sooner than I could have expected.

Finding in myself a strong inclination towards literary pursuits, I resolved to direct my mind to such alone; and that I might meet with no interruption from business, I sold my estate, put the money into honest hands, and now receive yearly my income with no farther trouble than giving a receipt. Business, gentlemen, I am totally unfit for; not so much from antipathy to the active employments of trade, but really from the want of that matter of fact plodding spirit so requisite. Nor do I regret this; as happiness is confined to no particular profession it is as likely I shall meet with it in my endeavours to improve the mind, as they whose darling aim is to fill the pocket.—‘The noblest study of mankind is man.’—Well said, Mr. Pope, ay, it is very right gentlemen. Let book-worms say what they please, it is from the living, not the dead that we can know ourselves. Every man is to me a mirror reflecting some foible of my own, or sharing some virtue which I might possess. Thank heaven, I have been neither fool enough to overlook the first nor despise the last. Pursuant to my intentions, gentlemen,—but bless me you are forgetting my wine; here is ‘to the war!’ well—hah! I knew you would like the wine.—Pursuant, I say, to my resolutions I courted a very universal acquaintance; a thing, gentlemen more easily done in this town than any where else. If your appearance and behaviour are those of a gen-

leman, it is a sufficient passport into the best company. The Americans are unsuspicious, even to a degree of credulity, perhaps dangerous; but although a villain may abuse this to their disadvantage, I think it is an amiable virtue. This honesty and want of reserve will give you easy access to their company, and then you'll—give us your toast,—and then I say, you'll see the truth of what I am saying may the honest heart seldom feel distress! A very good sentiment—yes.—In this manner, then I live; the morning & generally noon are spent in my library, where I study the theory of mankind & at night I set out upon the practice. I am a member of almost every club that is worth getting into; but mark me,—I have nothing to do with gaming-houses.

—Your plan, Mr Ranger, is perfectly rational; but you have very strange notions for a youth of your appearance. I have heard, indeed, of people of your age entertaining similar opinions;—but it was generally after misfortune had soured their temper, & made them averse to society.

—Yes, but that never was my case. It is from the misfortunes of others, not my own, that many of my notions take their rise. My life has had very little of adversity in it—smooth and undisturbed, either by romantic hopes or gaudy prospects of ideal felicity. I have suffered with a suffering friend; but sympathy, although it makes the countenance sad, makes the

heart better. I am none of those who are for retiring from the world, under pretence of being disgusted with the repeated dangers which try their resolution. Such false delicacies and cob-web constitutions are (with me at least) by no means entitled to the honors of virtue. Virtue loses its weight unless when it shines in the midst of vice, and like a blazing taper illuminates and discovers the inferiority of everything around it. Man's endowments were designed for the purposes of society, not to be torpid in useless solitude. A hermit can do no harm, but he can do as little good. Shakespeare justly says,

—'Nature never lends

The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines

Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.'—

Virtue, gentlemen, must be of the positive, not the negative kind; as obvious in a king as in a peasant, in a mitre as in a trencher cap, & under gold lace as well as linsey wooley. A man who does nothing to merit the gollows, who pays his debts, is a good economist, goes to church now and then, and does not beat his wife, is no more with me a man of virtue than the—But I will not shock you with comparisons. The man of strong passions who keeps them under when exposed to the most alluring temptations, yet never yields to them; & who is as exemplary in what he does, as in what he does not; he, with

me, approaches nearest to perfection. Such a man will be the last to think of retiring from the world. Solitude begets spleen, if it is adopted from discontent; but when natural, it is the seat of innocence. I remember two lines written by the celebrated lord Lyttelton, the historian, as a tribute to the memory of his lady: there is something of more than common beauty in the last of them:

'Polite as all her life in courts had been,
Yet good—as she the world had never
seen.'

Give me the man who can crack his joke, tell his story, join in the mirth of company without the affectation of superior nicety or virtue yet when tempted beyond the bounds of virtue and reason, turns upon his heel and tells you why.—Such a man has a chance to benefit others; his affability will win them to follow his example in matters of consequence, when they find in him no unwillingness to gratify their moderate inclinations. To hope for perfection from fallible men is not only foolish but dangerous; nor, on the other hand, ought we to be so far blind to his faults, as not to know that such failings are held out to us as useful cautions,—as hints to make us examine our own composition, and expunge its unnecessary or hurtful ingredients. A MAN should possess the character which Ptolemy gives of a book:

'Duplex libelli est dos: quod risum
mouet,
Et quod prudenti vitam consilio monet.'

Such was part of the conversation I had with Mr. Ranger, on the first night of our acquaintance. He improves wonderfully on a nearer intercourse; and is so inexhaustible as to anecdotes, quirks and jokes, that from him I shall have subject enough for a long correspondence. Mean time my dear Jack, I bid you adieu.

Yours, J MELVILLE.

BIOGRAPHY OF
PETER BALES.

A VERY extraordinary person, was born in 1547. He was a celebrated master of penmanship, and one of the first inventor of short hand writing. He deserves to be noticed here for his great skill in micrography, or miniature writing, as related in Holinshed's Chronicle, anno 1575. Mr. Evelyn also informs us that, in the year 1575, he wrote the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, Decalogue, with two short prayers in Latin, his own name, motto, day of the month, year of the Lord, and reign of the queen, to whom he presented it at Hampton court, all within the circle of a silver penny, inclosed in a ring and borders of gold, and covered with a crystal so accurately wrought as to be very plainly legible. In 1590, he published the "Writing Master, in three parts;" the first teaching swift writing, the second true writing, the third fair writing. This performance was held in such high estimation, that no

less than eighteen commendatory poems, composed by learned and ingenious men of that time, were prefixed to it. He died 1660.

ISAAC BARROW.

An eminent mathematician and divine, born in 1636. He was first placed in the Charter house, and afterwards removed to a school at Felsted, in Essex, from whence he was sent to Cambridge where he entered of Trinity College. When the king advanced him to the dignity of master, his majesty was pleased to say, "He had given it to the best scholar in England:" and he did not speak from report, but from his own knowledge. The doctor being then his chaplain, he used frequently to converse with him, and, in a humorous way, to call him an "unfair preacher," because he exhausted every subject, and left nothing for others to say after him. He was appointed Gresham professor of geometry, 1612, and was elected Fellow of the Royal Society, 1663. He resigned his Gresham professorship on being appointed Lucasian professor of mathematics at Cambridge, 1664, which chair he resigned to his illustrious pupil, Sir Isaac, then Mr. Newton, in 1669. He was created D. D. in 1670, and two years afterwards was appointed Master of Trinity College. In 1675, he served the office of vice chancellor. He died in 1675, and was interred in Westminster Abbey. He was a man of consider-

able courage and eccentric humour, as the following anecdotes will illustrate: being once on a visit at a gentleman's house in the country, where the ——— was at the end of the garden; as he was going to it before day (for he was a very early riser,) a fierce mastiff, that used to be chained up all day and let loose at night, set upon him with great fury; the doctor caught him by the throat, and throwing him down, lay upon him; once he had a mind to kill him, but he altered his resolution on recollecting that this would be unjust, as the dog only did his duty: at length he called so loud that he was heard by some of the family, who came out and freed both from their disagreeable situation. As a proof of his wit the following is recorded: meeting Lord Rochester one day at court, his lords ip. by way of banter, thus accosted him: 'Doctor, I am yours to my shoe tie.' Barrow seeing his aim, returned his salute as obsequiously, with 'My lord, I'm yours to the ground'—Rochester improving his blow, quickly returned it, with 'Doctor, I'm yours to the center;' which was as smartly followed by Barrow, with 'My lord, I'm yours to the antipodes;' upon which Rochester scorning to be foiled by a musty old piece of divinity (as he used to call him,) exclaimed, 'Doctor I'm yours to the lowest pit of hell!' on which Barrow, turning on his heel, answered, 'There, my lord, I leave you.'

BIGG JOHN.

THE celebrated Dinton hermit, was born in 1599, and baptized April 22 of the same year. He was clerk to Simon Mayne, of Dinton, one of the judges who passed sentence of death on King Charles I. He afterwards lived in a cave at Dinton, Buckinghamshire, though he had once been a man of considerable property.—was not deficient in learning or understanding. Upon the restoration he began to grow melancholy, and soon after betook himself by the charitable donations of those who were curious enough to go to see him, though he never asked for any thing but leather, which he would nail or tack to his clothes. He kept three bottles constantly hanging to his girdle, viz. one for strong beer, another for small beer, and the third for milk. His shoes are still preserved: they are very large, and made up of about a thousand patches of leather: one of them is in the Bodleian repository, the other in the collection of Sir John Vanhatten, of Dinton, who had his cave dug up some years ago in hopes of discovering something relative to him, but without success. The hermit was buried April 4, 1696. The above particulars of John Bigg are taken from an original letter written to Brown Willis, by Thomas Horne, and dated Oxon, Feb. 12, 1712.

SERIOUS REFLECTIONS.

‘How futile are all our efforts

to evade the obliterating hand of time! As I traversed the dreary wastes of Egypt, on my journey to Grand Cairo, I stopped my Camel for a while, and contemplated in awful admiration, the stupendous pyramids. An appalling silence prevailed around—such as reigns in the wilderness when the tempest is hushed, and the beasts of prey have retired to their dens. The myriads that had once been employed in rearing these lofty mementoes of human vanity, whose busy hum once enlivened the solitude of the desert, had all been swept from the earth by the irresistible arm of death—all were mingled with their native dust—all were forgotten! Even the mighty names, which these sepulchres were designed to perpetuate, had long since faded from remembrance—history and tradition afford but vague conjectures, and the pyramids imparted a humiliating lesson to the candidate for immortality. Alas! alas! said I to myself, how mutable are the foundations on which our proudest hopes of future fame are reposed. He who imagines he has secured to himself the meed of deathless renown, indulges in deluded visions, which only bespeak the vanity of the dreamer. The storied obelisk—the triumphal arch—the swelling dome, shall crumble into dust, and the names they would preserve from oblivion, often shall pass away, before their own duration shall be accomplished.’

Cure for the bite of a mad dog.

The Receipt—Take the leaves and tender buds of rue, half a pint when cut small, take the same quantity of large box, or tree box, and nine leaves of red sage, cut all very small and fine, let the leaves be without blemish, take half a pint of wheat flour fresh from the mill (is best) or good bread meal of wheat, a large table spoonful of yeast mix it together as dough, let it lay about half an hour then bake it, take one third of all the above, mixed in the said dough made in a cake and baked in new milk, each morning this quantity for a man or woman, and half for a child, of 6 or 8 years old, more or less in proportion to the age of the child, and to give double the quantity given to man or woman, to cows or horses; but half the quantity to sheep hogs or dogs, that is required to be given to horned cattle & horses full grown, but calves and fowls require less than half the quantity—given to cows and horses, but to put the same quantity of sage (nine leaves) and not to exceed nine; nor less than nine in any—after 38 years experience with the same, the family had proved the above for 150 years and proved to be a never failing cure, even after instances of madness.

From the Spirit of the Press.

A GROUP OF DIFFICULTIES.

It is difficult to make a man see, who purposely keeps his eyes

closed, or hear, when he stops his ears.

It is difficult to convince a man, that he is in an error, when ignorant, proud, wilful, and full of self-conceit.

It is difficult to convince men, who think they know every thing, that they know nothing: and now there are thousands of this sort.

It is difficult to convince an artful knave, that he is wrong, and bring him to retract: Because, he will shift into any shape to defend it: But, it is more difficult, to bring an ignorant man to a sense of his error, because he cannot comprehend the force of an argument.

It is difficult to prevent artful knaves from leading fools by the nose.

LADY'S MISCELLANY

NEW-YORK, August 1, 1812.

"Be it our task,

To note the passing tidings of the times.



The City Inspector reports the death of 33 persons in this city and at Potter's Field, from the 18th to the 25th day of July.

Casualty.—On Monday evening, as the sloop *Sophia*, Captain Higham, of this port for West Farms, was passing through Hurl Gate, John O'Neil, a native of Ireland, aged 31 years, in coming to anchor to avoid running upon the *Hogs Back* was entangled in the cable and carried down with the anchor, where he died and remained till Tuesday morning, when he was taken up with the cable still about his leg.

A Singular Circumstance.—We understand, that, among the new Recruits who arrived on the 22d inst at the Rendezvous at Greenwich, are a father and brother and 8 sons. The father has brought with him a wife and four other children. Three of the enlisted sons have with them their wives and seven children. Thus the number of the family party amounts to 23. Who has the honor to command this patriotic company we have not heard. The party were enlisted about 60 miles west of Newburgh: and, before they commenced their march to Head Quarters, none but the mother of the family had ever seen the North River.

Comm. Adv.

From the Baltimore Federal Gazette of Saturday, the 25th ult.

This morning the black murderers of Mr Fuller received sentence in Court: Aquilla and Ben convicted of murder in the first degree Death! Abraham and Rachel in the second degree, sentenced to the Penitentiary for 18 years 2 years of which in solitary cells, on coarse and low diet.

For the Federal Gazette.

To Farmers.—The following method is recommended to preserve wheat for years from the fly, that prevails more or less every year in Virginia Maryland Pennsylvania Delaware and New Jersey and more particularly on the bays, rivers and adjacent country.

Get your wheat out of the straw as early as you possibly can: clean the straw well from the chaff and wheat: if you have a barn put your wheat away in bulk, leaving the chaff with it. I knew wheat kept several years during the revolutionary war in this way, free from all insects: rats and mice cannot

burrow in this bank, as it will continually fall on them. Those that have not barns, may make pens with logs or fence rails, first laying logs or rails on the earth sufficient to keep the damp from rising to injure the wheat then cover the floor 12 or 13 inches thick with straw, well trod down: put your wheat on this floor with all its chaff, and as you fill the pen line inside well with straw: when you have filled your pen in this way, stack your straw on the top of it, seeing that the straw extends well over the top of the pen to carry off the rain water.

E. K.

+*****+

Married.

At Wilmington Delaware on Thursday the 23d ult. Mr Robert O Ludlow, of the U. S Navy, to Miss Ann Catherine Wethered, daughter of John Wethered, esq. of that place.

In New London lately, Mr Benjamin Huntington, merchant of New York to Miss F. M Huntington, daughter of Gen. J. Huntington.

On Tuesday evening last, Mr. Foster, merchant of Richmond, Virg. to Miss Tallman of this city.

At New London, the rev. Daniel Huntington, to Miss Mary H. Saltonstall.

+*****+

Died.

At Harrisburgh on the 23d ult. Mrs: Mary Gree, in the 21st year of her age.

At Youngstown (about 8 miles below Lewiston) Solomon K Gilbert, of Lyons, Ontario county a soldier in the volunteer army of the United States.



*Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate.*

ODE

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

By Thomas G. Fessenden, Esq.

Tune—'ARCHDALE.'

COLUMBIA'S Sons, with loud acclaim,
And patriot ardor fir'd,
Your bosoms glowing with the flame,
Which Washington inspir'd;
Unite to consecrate this day
To freedom's bold emprise,
And annual orisons to pay
To him who rules the skies.

This day the great decree was past,
Which gave an empire birth,
This day was founded freedom's last
Assylum upon earth;
While joy and gratitude inspire,
We'll welcome its returns:
As long as freedom's sacred fire
On hallow'd altars burns.

Though loud Bellona's thunder roars,
And lowers the tempest nigh,
Above the storm our eagle soars,
And cleaves a cloudless sky;
And we will dedicate this day,
To freedom's bold emprise,
And annual orisons will pay,
To HIM, who rules the skies.

From the Newbedford Mercury.

WAR.

Must the warm heart now linger into
stone,
And bid to every cheering hope a-
dieu?

Must thousands bleed and die, and
captives groan,
To cool the burning anger of a few?

Heart bursting sight! shall impious
man presume,

From quiv'ring wounds to drain a-
nother's soul?

Shall a mad faction guide a nation's
doom,

And deep in ruin's vortex hurl the
whole?

Shall man, made in the image of his
God,

Humanity's soft influence cease to
feel?

With tow'ring plumes, o'er vanquish'd
kindred nod,

And through their bosom thrust the
gleaming steel?

Must widows weep, and heave the
mournful sigh

For husbands mingled in one common
fate!

Poor, unprotected, must the orphan
cry,

The reckless warriors bloody soul to
sate?

Must wealth be squandered—poverty
prevail,

All to regain an honor never lost?

Must commerce furl her wide extended
sail,

To rot regardless of its worth and
cost?

Oh! must Columbia's sons forsake
their home,

To crimson over Canada with blood,

Or hostile, o'er the murmuring billows
 roam,

To stain, with human gore, the o-
 cean flood?

Just Heaven forbid! nor let the fiends
 of war

With carnage desolate our cultured
 plains,

For Sin, all ghastly, drags the san-
 guine car.

And Vice triumphant holds the pur-
 ple reins!

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

A POEM.

Prison accurs'd, where many a mortal
 groon'd

By parents, children, wife in vain
 bemoan'd;

Where thousands pin'd, who in a luck-
 less hour

Became the victims of suspicious power.
 The tide of tumult swells through all
 the streets

Crushing all opposition which it meets;
 And monarchy in order to devour,
 Directs its footsteps to the seat of pow-
 er.

The frightened King and those of royal
 race.

To fair Versailles's mansion fled apace;
 In hopes themselves, and those of loyal
 mind,

Might in its spacious courts a refuge
 find:

Nor was in this retreat their respite
 long;

Soon were they followed by the giddy
 throng;

Who grown imperious said they came
 to bring

Terms of peace and concord to the
 King.

Had I an hundred mouths; as many
 tongues,

A throat of adamant, and brazen lungs:
 I scarce would find it in my power to
 tell:

What various strokes of fate the king
 befell.

Beset blockaded in his royal seat,
 He thinks of flight to shun impending
 fate,

He flies, is quick pursued, and from
 the road.

Is back to Paris led, his last abode.

The people now on innovation bent,

Dissolve the old from a new parliament,

To rule without an head and govern all
 Which they the national assembly call.

Long were the task & tedious to rehearse
 Exceeding far the limits of my verse:

The various forms of government propos'd

The various treaties enter'd on & clos'd,

(To be Continued.)

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AND

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